

## Little Moments by ObeyDontStray

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**Summary:**

Short, mostly unrelated one shots based off of Tumblr prompts.

## 1. Fighting

It had been a dick move. In the middle of a moment of passion, sunk to the hilt in Joyce, Jim had asked the stupid question. "Do I fuck better than Lonnie?" We don't talk about Lonnie, ever. Aside from bringing her boys into the world, she preferred to believe that the scuzz ball had ever existed in her world.

As soon as the question left his lips her face turned rocky. Her jaw was set sternly and her eyes narrowed, she stopped responding to his thrusts and she pulled away from him, closing her legs.

"Baby I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking!" He protested. She crossed her arms over her pert breasts. He moved to pull her legs down, to kiss her silly until she believed that he was indeed sorry. She stopped him with a slender foot pressed against the middle of his chest. "Fuck off Hopper. Go finish yourself off." He sat back on his haunches and rolled his eyes.

He stroked his still impressive erection and Joyce eyed him. She was angry he had ruined their fun, she had been enjoying him so. "I'm sorry, I was just trying to stroke my own ego."

"The biggest thing about you." She said sternly, trying to deflate that ego of his a bit. His nether regions were indeed quite impressive and she had told him so on several occasions, but for now she tried to tear him down. He looked down at his own manhood, he was still rock hard despite her nastiness towards him. Some weird part of him was enjoying it, even.

He grabbed her legs forcefully, stretching them out and pinning them under his own. "I said I'm sorry!" He said, leaning forward to kiss her pouty mouth. She was so tense.

"I got a woman, mean as she can be." He sang in his best over exaggerated Elvis voice. "I got a woman, mean as she can be." He punctuated with a kiss to her neck. "Sometimes I think she's almost mean as me." Nimble fingers ghosted over her ribs, causing her skin to prickle. "I hate you, Jim Hopper." He smiled and kissed at the corner of her lips.

She pressed a hard kiss to his mouth, pulling at his bottom lip with her teeth. "Kiss so hard, she bruise my lips. Hurt so good, my heart just flips!" He sang with a smile. She returned the favor and bit at his neck, soothing the spot with her tongue. "Shut up and get back to loving me, Elvis." She said, wrapping her legs around his hips.

He gave her his best grr face as he slid back into her. She sighed and arched her back. "And for the record, you most definitely are better at this."

## 2. Sharing An Umbrella

“Hop! c'mon!” Joyce fumed, walking briskly down mainstreet. The wind tried to rip her umbrella away and water sloshed at her feet, soaking the ankles of her jeans. “Jim! C'mon!” His uniform was growing wet with the sprinkling rain, turning a darker khaki color.

“I get it Joyce, I really do.” He said, turning to face her and walking backwards. “I’m not good enough for you. I know.”

She rushed down the street, catching up to him. She thrust her umbrella over his head, shielding them both a bit from the blowing rain. “No one told you to be so goddamn tall.” She grumbled.

“No one told you to be so tiny.” He said back, taking the umbrella from her and holding it.

“I didn’t say you weren’t good enough for me.” Joyce fumed. “I said I need some time. You’re more than enough, Jim.”

“You could be better about showing it.” He mumbled.

“Well you’re too damn tall for me to kiss whenever I want.”

He grinned and leaned down. “All you have to do is ask.”

She smiled against his lips, throwing her arms around his neck as she kissed him.

### **3. Actors in Rom Com**

They had rehearsed this kiss. And they still had to redo it four times already. James Hopper would move his face the wrong way, or he'd kiss the wrong part of her face, or he'd put his hands wrongly on her body.

She grabbed his face in a tender way, feeling comfortable with him after all the time they had spent together making this movie.

"Are you messing this up on purpose, James?" She asked slyly between takes. He kissed her properly, full and center on her lips. When she parted her lips and gave him access his tongue explored her sweet mouth. When they parted for air he laughed.

"Maybe a little. I like kissing you." He grinned boyishly. She caressed his smooth face. "Let's finish this take, in the right way, and we can continue in my trailer."

## 4. Stuck in an Elevator

“Your not accomplishing anything.” Joyce said from her campout in the corner of the tiny room. Jim was fussing with the ceiling panels. “You know that’s just movie shit.”

“I gotta try something. I can’t just sit here.” He fumed. “I don’t like being pent up.”

“Just sit down and chill. Talk to me. This thing will move or someone will rescue us soon.”

Jim crouched down in the corner opposite from her, looking around frantically at the four walls.

“Calm down, Jim.” She said softly as she crawled across the small floorspace to him. She knelt between his legs and took his face in her hands. “This is just temporary. We won’t be stuck here forever.”

“What if they forget we’re in here?” He said, the panic evident in his voice.

She settled on her heels and rested her hands on her thighs. “Tell me a story, Jim. What’s the most interesting thing you’ve done as a cop?”

He launched into a story about a call he had gotten during his time in Indianapolis. A Twilight Zone-esque mystery. He was so wrapped up in his story he didn’t notice the elevator shift beneath them.

“We’re moving.” She told him with a grin. “Tell me the rest of that story once we get out of here.”

## 5. Tumblr crush

Tumblr user MidnightRider69's Tumblr was a mix of manly interests. Fast cars, hot women, classic rock and outlaw country artists. Alcohol labels. Switch blades and guns. Lots of lingerie. A red blooded man, so it seemed.

Joyce chewed her bottom lip between her teeth and hit the anonymous switch.

'I have a bit of a Tumblr crush on you.' She posted.

A reply came a few minutes later. 'Come off anon. Maybe I can be more than just a crush.'

She smiled and braced her face on her fist. She sent another anon. 'I don't think I'm your kind of girl. I'm kind of shy.'

Another reply. 'You'd be surprised darlin. Come off anon! Talk to me! Pm me if you want, I won't bite'

Was she really going to do this? She clicked the anon off. 'My name's Joyce. What's yours?'

## 6. The Florist

“Going to buy her something today?” Joyce asked her handsome customer. He had been in every day this week looking at her arrangements but had yet to buy anything. She figured he was just indecisive.

“What?” He asked, a puzzled look across his face.

“You got a lady friend and can’t decide on what to get her, right?” She asked with a knowing smile.

“I have my eye on someone, but I don’t know if flowers will be enough to impress her.” He admitted.

“Can’t go wrong with roses.” She told him. “Girls always like roses.”

He smiled. “No you can’t. But she sees flowers all day.”

“She a florist too? Or a gardener?” She inquired, curious.

“I have to come clean.” He admitted. “I keep coming in here trying to work up the nerve to talk to you. I’d like to take you to dinner sometime.”

“I’m very flattered-”

“Jim.” He replied. “Jim Hopper.”

“I’d love that, Jim.” She smiled.



## 7. First Time Flying

She was tiny next to him, balled up in her seat and her knuckles white on the arm rests.

“Hey.” He said testing out the waters a bit. “Are you okay darlin?” He asked, accidentally slipping in the term of endearment. She was awfully cute, though terrified, and he couldn’t help but call her that.

“I’ve-I’ve never flown before.” Her voice wavered.

“I can tell.” He chuckled lightly. “Don’t sweat it. I’ve flown alot, nothing ever happens.”

“But there’s always that one time.” She squeaked.

He adjusted his dress coat. He offered his hand. “Will you feel better if I hold your hand? You look like you’re about to have a panic attack. Maybe I can ground you? I’m James, by the way.”

“Joyce.” She said, looking at his hand unsurely. She gave in and reached for it. “Thank you, James.”